

## i got (what you need) by hopphorn

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**Summary:**

Billy has a secret and a random diner stall has a hole.

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### Author's Note:

Written for a prompt on tumblr. Enjoy!

In California, it was easier. There were places to go: bars and beaches. People like him. People that *need*.

In Hawkins, there's nothing for him. There's no hidden nook or cranny where he can retreat. He's alone. He's abandoned.

Until he finds out about the diner outside of Wooster. It's not the nicest place but there's a rumor. A rumor that men with *needs* can find companionship.

Even if it is only through a hole in a bathroom stall.

Billy convinces himself that no one will be there. That driving almost forty miles will be for nothing. That he'll wind up sitting on a toilet like a moron. Maybe part of him is hoping that will be the case. And maybe part of him is thrilled when it's not.

Within a minute of his arrival, there's another pair of shoes shuffling into the next stall. There's the clank of a belt opening and the muted sound of a zipper unthreading. Then silence. Billy holds his breath.

Sticks his finger into the hole. Wiggles it.

The audible exhale on the other side makes his insides churn. He's either about to be thrown out of a diner for wagging a finger at a stranger taking a piss. Or a dick will fill that hole.

His heart drops when a semi-soft cock brushes passed his finger. He pulls his hand away quickly, slides to the floor on his knees and strokes gently with his fingers.

It's rare for him to be gentle anymore. There are scabs on his knuckles from the last time he was *not* gentle with a mouthy junior. His hands do a lot more damage than they do good anymore. They're marked with acts of violence. But the stranger can't see those things.

All they know is a gentle touch as he carefully caresses the flaccid length before him.

His mouth waters at the size. The stranger isn't even fully hard and he's already larger than most of the boys Billy has ever seen. Nine inches soft, and that's rare.

That's a gift. A goddamn *blessing*.

He wants to tell the stranger that. He wants to compliment his big dick and see the guy's face when he smiles up at him, purring praise. Instead, he sticks out his tongue and licks.

Just a little.

There's a muted sigh on the other side of the stall and Billy's own arousal throbs in his jeans. He's been hard since he'd parked his car, if he's honest. He's been holding back this side of himself for weeks. Months. Yet he tries not to be too eager. Not to swallow down the cock in his palm moments after it appears.

He teases a little. Kisses the tip, licks from the stranger's neatly shaved balls to the head, and sucks on the fat vein running underneath. When the dick in his hand gives a little needy kick, thickening rapidly from his attention, Billy gives in.

Sucking dick isn't an elegant art. It's sloppy and a little awkward. But he moans around the salty, heavy weight in his mouth and takes it all. All of it. Pushes it back into his throat until he gags on it. Something lifts from his shoulders when he does.

There's a muffled sound on the other side of the stall and Billy moans again, hollows out his cheeks as he bobs at a lazy pace. He swallows, pulls off, laps at the spit-slick cock head and then does it all over again.

The stranger is moaning. Billy can *hear* him. He can feel his dick pressing further through the hole in time with his bobs, as if he's thrusting into his mouth. Which Billy *likes*. His cock leaks in his jeans from the image of a stranger holding him by the hair and taking their pleasure. Fucking his mouth.

He wishes he could see the guy's face. Wishes he could look up and see their eyes.

"*Shit.*"

This time, Billy hears the mystery man perfectly. His curse is hissed and quiet but clear in the empty bathroom. He groans, pulls away and jerks the guy rapidly. It's stupid, what he does next, but he can't help it.

He's always had a *mouth*.

"You like that?" He asks in a low voice, wagging his tongue though the stranger can't see him. "You like how I suck your cock?"

"Yeah." The voice replies. Only this time, it's breathy, a little desperate. "Please." Something about the word gives Billy pause. His strokes slow, his heart beating a little faster. The stranger senses his hesitation because he speaks again. "Please, don't stop."

And suddenly Billy can't get out of the stall fast enough.

He knows that voice. He'd know that voice *anywhere*.

"Wait—" Billy doesn't do any such thing. He can hear that voice calling to him and he scrambles with the dumb handle on the stall door, yanking it open to make a break for the exit.

But not before the door to the second stall opens.

And Steve Harrington peeks out at him.

"Billy?"

The sound of his name stops him in his tracks, hand on the bathroom door as his pulse fills his ears. He can still taste Steve's precome on his tongue. Can still feel his girth in his mouth.

He should be running. He should be threatening to beat Steve senseless if he tells anyone. Yet all he can do is stand there, holding the door and *panicking*.

“Wait...” Steve is zipping his pants, moving behind him but he doesn’t *dare* look. Can’t stand the idea of meeting Steve Harrington’s gaze and finding disgust.

Even though the guy *had* driven out of town to have his dick sucked.

By a *dude*.

“This never happened.” He snaps over his shoulder, knuckles white on the door. “You tell anyone—”

“No.” Steve says loudly, his voice ringing against the tiled walls. Billy looks, despite the fear in his throat. He turns his head and *looks* and dammit if Steve doesn’t take his breath away.

Again.

“No what?” He rasps. “That wasn’t a question—”

“You’re gay.” Steve states. Billy blinks. Then rounds on Steve so fast the guy gasps and suddenly they’re tangled on the wall, Billy’s hands hauling Steve up by the collar as he snarls.

“I will fucking *end* you, Harrington.”

“Oh come on.” Steve snaps back, teeth bared. “You think I’d out you? I’m here too, *dumbass*.” Billy’s anger leaves him like air leaving a deflating balloon. His grip loosens. Steve relaxes on the wall. “How did you even find out about this place?”

Billy takes a step back. Sniffs.

“You hear things.”

“You realize that *Tommy* knows about this place.” Steve shoots back. “Was he the one who told you?” Billy doesn’t shrug this time. Instead he opts for glaring a hole into the tile beside Steve’s face. “You realize that’s a great way to get caught.”

“What about you?” He hisses. “You’re the rich boy, *King Steve*.” There’s a flash of something on Steve’s face. A hint of something open and vulnerable and Billy breathes, steps in closer. “That’s it, isn’t

it?” Steve doesn’t say anything. Instead he simply tilts his head so they’re staring face to face. Inches apart. “Admit it.” Billy whispers, his fingers tingling as his grip falls away. He lets Steve go but drifts closer. “You *wanted* to be found.”

“So what if I did?” Steve answers quietly. “What if I’m tired of being *King Steve*? ”

And, really, Billy wasn’t expecting that. He pulls away, examines Steve’s tired eyes and pale skin.

“What if I’m sick of doing what’s expected and I want to do what *feels good?* ” Steve asks, stepping forward. Billy doesn’t really have an answer. He lets Steve back him into a stall door, lets him pin him there with a hand on either side of his head. “What if I just want my dick sucked by someone who *wants* it? ”

The ache in Billy’s gut tells him all he needs to know about wanting Steve Harrington’s cock.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.” He murmurs, eyes locked onto the guy’s sharp, honey gaze.

“Deal.”

This time, there isn’t a stall in the way when Billy gets on his knees. This time, he has two, firm thighs to hold onto when he takes Steve into the back of his throat. This time, he can look up and see the face of the boy he’s wanted for *months*. He can hear his moans, see his flushed face, drink in his heady taste. His name on Steve’s lips is just *icing* on the cake.

“It feels so good Billy.” Steve moans to him, his warm hands caressing his face. “I’m glad you found me.”